

PAYNE-ALDRICH BILL COMPLETED

CONFEREES' REPORT IS SIGNED
AS INDICATED BY PRESIDENT
IN LETTER.

HOUSE VOTES ON IT SATURDAY

Measure Will Go to Senate Monday
Where It Will Remain a Week.
Hosiery Duty Goes Up From
1 to 3 Per Cent.

Washington. — The Payne-Aldrich tariff bill is complete.

An agreement on all disputed points was reached and the conferees' report signed by the Republican conferees. It will go to the house and be voted on by that body Saturday. The senate will on Monday begin consideration of the measure as agreed to by the conferees. The senate session may consume all of next week.

Halted by the mandate of President Taft, the tariff conferees were compelled to turn back and revise their rates on lumber and gloves.

When the conferees fixed lumber and glove rates by shading very slightly the higher rates on each, they were so certain that the president would consent to the arrangement that notices were sent to the Democratic members of the conferees committee to be present to approve or disapprove of the conferees report.

The president had other ideas of what the rates should be, and he expressed them very forcibly in a letter. He said that lumber should not be more than \$1.25 per thousand feet for rough with the differentials fixed by the senate on finished lumber. He declared also that the senate rates on gloves, which are the same as the Dingley rates, and much less than the house rates, would have to be adopted in order to obtain his endorsement.

Specified Hides on Free List.
The president also specified that hides must go on the free list and the house rates on boots and shoes and other manufactures of leather must be reduced. Hosiery, too, he thought should be reduced below the house rates, which are advanced over the Dingley duties.

It was not until the Democratic members had assembled that the White House communication was received at the conferees chamber. When Senator Aldrich read the president's message he called his Republican associates to an adjoining room. The contents of the letter were discussed and it was decided that the minority should be informed that the conferees report had not been advanced to a stage where it could be submitted to them for their judgment.

After the Democrats reached the corridor outside the conferees chamber they held a little conference of their own. Representative Champ Clark of Missouri was called back to the chamber. He was given a copy of the bill as the conferees intend to report it, except for the schedules discussed by the president in the letter. The Democrats then went into session.

The minority members were in the conferees chamber less than an hour. Representative Griggs said that if the Republicans would consent to put cotton bagging on the free list his associates would show great celerity in bringing the conferees report to a vote. Many of the conferees were disposed to grant this request, but Representative McCall of Massachusetts protested vigorously on the ground that it would injure the manufacture of his state, which turn out cotton bagging. So emphatic were his objections that it was seen that an agreement would be delayed if such action were attempted.

All Seek a "Final Word."

The Republican members continued in session after the Democrats left the chamber. There followed one of the busiest scenes witnessed about the corridors of the senate office building during the three weeks the bill has been in conference. Striving to and from the chamber were senators and members of the house, vying with representatives of special interests to get a "final word" with the conferees.

Late in the day Representative Fordney and Calderhead went to the White House and from there to the office of Speaker Cannon and then back to the conferees chamber. Later they conferred with a number of North-western senators who were interested in the lumber question. After their activities without the conference room, Speaker Cannon hurried to the conferees room.

Speaker Cannon has been one of the chief supporters of the house rates on

Trice to Wipe Out Family.
Hannibal, Mo.—Charles Bensley, a barber, shot and killed his 3-year-old daughter, shot his wife and then sent a bullet through his brain. The tragedy occurred at the home of Alonzo Paulman, where the wife and daughter had gone for protection.

Boy Drowns in the Ouachita.
Arkadelphia, Ark.—Virgil Greene, 16, son of C. E. Greene, vice-president of Hendrix college of Conway, was drowned in Ouachita river at Arkadelphia.

gloves. He said he believed these rates were necessary to stimulate manufacture in women's gloves.

When the speaker concluded his visit to the conferees chamber he hurried down the corridor without stopping. One of the waiting newspaper correspondents asked him if the conferees had finished.

Compared to Present Law.
UPWARD.

Cotton, approximately 3 per cent.
Cotton hosiery valued at not more than \$1 per dozen increased from 50 to 70 cents per dozen pairs.

Fancy soaps, from 15 cents per pound to 50 per cent ad valorem.
Oxalic acid, from free to 2 cents per pound.

Plate glass, smaller sizes, slightly.
Steel, structural, punched, from 35 to 45 per cent ad valorem.
Razors, general increase.
Shingles, from 50 to 55 cents per thousand.

Hops, from 12 to 16 cents per pound.
Pine apples, from \$7 to \$8 per thousand.

Lemons, from 1 cent to 1½ cents per pound.
Wines and liquors, 15 per cent.
Hemp, from 20 to 22 cents per ton.

High-priced laces, from 60 to 70 per cent.
Fur clothing, from 35 to 50 per cent.
Fireworks, from 20 per cent ad valorem to 12 cents per pound.

Jewelry, graded increase on higher-priced articles.
Pencil leads, slightly.
Lithographic prints, etc., most classes increased.

Opium and cocaine, increased 50 cents per ounce.
Cocoa, increased 5 cents per pound.

DOWNWARD.

Coal (bituminous), from 67 to 45 cents per ton.
Hides, from 15 per cent ad valorem to free list.

Dressed leather, from 30 to 10 per cent.
Calf skins, etc., from 20 to 15 per cent.

Boots and shoes, from 25 to 10 per cent.
Agricultural implements, from 20 to 15 per cent.

Sugar, from 1.95 cents to 1.90 cents.
Salt, from 12 to 11 cents per hundred pounds.

Carpets and mats, from 5 cents per square yard and 25 per cent ad valorem to 4 cents per square yard and 20 per cent ad valorem.

Wool tops, yarns and cloths with a cotton warp, reduced 5 per cent.
Wood pulp, from 1-12 of a cent per pound to free list.

White lead, from 2½ to 2½ cents per pound.
Common window glass, reduced ¼ to 1 cent per pound.

Firebrick, from 45 to 35 per cent.
Iron ore, from 40 to 15 cents per ton.

Pig iron, from \$4 to \$2.50 per ton.
Scrap iron, from \$4 to \$1 per ton.
Steel rails, from 7-20 to 7-40 of a cent per pound.

Wire nails, from ¼ to 4-10 of a cent per pound.
Screws, from 4 to 3 cents per pound.

Cash registers, linotypes, typewriters and all steam engines, from 45 to 30 per cent ad valorem.

Lumber, from \$2 to \$1.25 per thousand feet.
Oil, free and without any counter-vailing duty.

Print paper, from \$6 to \$2.75 per ton.
Works of art more than 20 years old, from 20 per cent to free list.

UNCHANGED.

China ware.
Cotton and cotton cloths, with few exceptions.

Wool and woolsens, except tops, yarn and one grade of cheap dress goods.
Bottles, vials and decanters.

Crown glass.
Cheap laces.
Watches and clocks.

Stockings worth more than \$2 per dozen.
Some grades of lithographic prints.

Nickel.
Manufactures of nickel, aluminum, bronze, pewter, platinum, etc.

Tobacco.
Live animals.
Agricultural products, mostly fruits and nuts, fish.

Collars and cuffs.
Lace curtains.
Hats and bonnets.
Buttons.
Gloves.

WOMAN IN AUTO KILLED
Two Men Injured—Driver Put on Accelerator Instead of the Brake.

Chicago. — Mrs. Parker Winfield Kerr is dead, and W. S. Mills, tailor, and Harvey Hefer are injured as a result of an auto accident when the machine overturned near Libertyville, Mills may die.

Because of the mud the machine skidded. Mills attempted to apply the brake, but touched the accelerator. This caused the machine, when it struck a bump in the road, to bound.

Baby Dying; Father Sought.
Odin, Ill.—Wm. A. Myers, the man who drilled the first oil well in Marion county, on the Dykstra farm east of Centerville, is missing since last Friday. He telephoned to R. Hileman from there that he would return the following day after closing a deal.

Hileman went to Centerville and learned that Myers had departed for St. Louis to sell leases he owned in Bond county. Myers telegraphed L. Somerville of this city Saturday that he would be here Sunday.

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY
ROBERT
AMES
BENNET
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
COPYRIGHT 1908 BY A. C. MCGRAW & CO.

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunk stupor. Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left. Blake returned safely. Winthrop wasted his last match on a cigarette for which he was scolded by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish. The trio started a ten-mile hike for higher land. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrop. They entered the jungle. That night was passed in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed huts to shield themselves from the sun. They then fringed on coconuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showed a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness. Led by Blake they established a home in some cliffs.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Along the south side of the cliff the sea extended in twice as far as on the north. From the end of the talus the coast trended off four or five miles to the south-southwest in a shallow lagoon, whose southern extremity was bounded by a second limestone headland. This ridge ran inland parallel to the first, and from a point some little distance back from the shore was covered with a growth of leafless trees.

Between the two ridges lay a plain, open along the shore, but a short distance inland covered with a jungle of tall yellow grass, above which, here and there, rose the tops of scrubby, leafless trees and the graceful crests of slender-shafted palms. Blake's attention was drawn to the latter by that feeling of artificiality which their exotic appearance so often wakens in the mind of the northern-bred man even after long residence in the tropics. But in a moment he turned away with a growl. "More of those damned feather-dusters!" He was not looking for palms.

The last ragged bit of cloud, with its showery accompaniment, drifted past before the breeze which followed the squall, and the end of the storm was proclaimed by a deafening chorus of squawks and screams along the higher ledges of the cliff. Starting upward, Blake for the first time observed that the face of the cliff swarmed with seaweeds.

"That's luck!" he muttered. "Guess I haven't forgot how to rob nests. But our fine lady'll shy at sucking them raw! All the same, she'll have to if I don't run across other rock than this poor girl!"

He advanced again along the talus, and did not stop until he reached the sand beach. There he halted to make a careful examination, not only of the loose debris, but of the solid rock above. Finding no sign of flint or quartz, he crowded out a curse and backed off along the beach to get a view of the cliff top. From a point a little beyond him, outward to the extremity of the headland, he could see that the upper ledges and the crest of the cliff, as well, were fairly crowded with seaweed and their nests. His smile of satisfaction broadened when he glanced inland and saw, less than half a mile distant, a wooded cleft which apparently ran up to the summit of the ridge. From a point near the top a gigantic baobab tree towered up against the skyline like a Broddingnagian cabbage.

"Say, we may have a run for our money, after all," he murmured. "Shade, and no end of grub, and, by the green of those trees, a spring—limestone water at that. Next thing I'll find a flint!"

He slapped his leg, and both sound and feeling reminded him that his clothes were drenched.

"Guess we'll wait about that flint," he said, and he made for a clump of thorn scrub a little way inland.

As the tall grass did not grow here within a mile of the shore, there was nothing to obstruct him. The creeping plants which during the rainy season had matted over the sandy soil were now leafless and withered by the heat of the dry season. Even the thorn scrub was half bare of leaves.

Blake walked around the clump to the shadiest side, and began to strip. In quick succession one garment after another was flung across a branch where the sun would strike it. Last of all, the shoes were emptied of rain-water and set out to dry. Without a pause, he then gave himself a quick, light rub-down, just sufficient to invigorate the skin without starting the perspiration.

Physically the man was magnificent. His muscles were wiry and compact, rather than bulky, and as he moved they played beneath his white skin, with the smoothness and ease of a tiger's.

After the rub-down he squatted on his heels and spent some time trying to bend his palm-leaf hat back into shape. When he had placed this also out in the sun he found himself beginning to yawn. The dry, sultry air had made him drowsy. A touch with his bare foot showed him that the sand beneath the thorn bush had already absorbed the rain and offered a dry surface. He glanced around, drew



"You Beastly Cad!"

his club nearer and stretched himself out for a nap.

CHAPTER VII.

The Club Age.

It was past two o'clock when the sun, striking in where Blake lay outstretched, began to scorch one of his legs. He stirred uneasily, and sat upright. Like a sailor, he was wide awake the moment he opened his eyes. He stood up and peered around through the half leafless branches.

Over the water thousands of gulls and terns, boobies and cormorants were skimming and diving, while above them a number of graceful frigate birds—those swart, scarlet-throated pirates of the air—hung poised, ready to swoop down and rob the weaker birds of their fish. All about the headland and the surrounding water was life in fullest action. Even from where he stood Blake could hear the harsh clamor of the seaweeds.

In marked contrast to this scene the plain was apparently lifeless. When Blake rose, a small brown lizard darted away across the sand. Otherwise there was neither sight nor sound of a living creature. Blake pondered this as he gathered his clothes into the shade and began to dress.

"Looks like the siesta is the all-round style in this God-forsaken hole," he grumbled. "Haven't seen so much as a rabbit, nor even one land bird. May be a drought—no, must be the dry season—Where, these things are hot! I'm thirsty as a shark. Now, where's that softy and her ladyship?"

"Fraid she's in for a tough time!" he drew on his shoes with a jerk, growled at their stiffness, and, club in hand, stepped clear of the brush to look for his companions. The first glance along the foot of the cliff showed him Winthrop lying under the shade of the overhanging ledges, a few yards beyond the sand beach.

Of Miss Leslie there was no sign. Half alarmed by this, Blake started for the beach with his swinging stride. Winthrop was awake, and on Blake's approach, sat up to greet him.

"Hello!" he called. "Where have you been all this time?"

"Sleep. Where's Miss Leslie?" "She's around the point."

Blake grinned mockingly. "Indeed! But I fancy she won't be for long." He would have passed on, but Winthrop stepped before him.

"Don't go out there, Blake," he protested. "I—ah—think it would be better if I went."

"Why?" demanded Blake.

Winthrop hesitated, but an impatient movement by Blake forced an answer. "Well, you remember, this morning, telling us to dry our clothes."

"Yes, I remember," said Blake. "So you want to serve as lady's valet?" Winthrop's plump face turned a sickly yellow.

"I—ah—valet?—What do you mean, sir? I protest—I do not understand

you!" he stammered. But in the midst, catching sight of Blake's bewildered stare, he suddenly flushed crimson and burst out in unrestrained anger. "You—your boulder—you beastly cad! Any man with an ounce of decency—"

Blake uttered a jeering laugh. "Wow! Hark, how the British lion roars when his tail's twisted!" "You beastly cad!" repeated the Englishman, now purple with rage.

Blake's unpleasant pleasantry gave place to a scowl. His jaw thrust out like a bulldog's, and he bent towards Winthrop with a menacing look. For a moment the Englishman faced him, sustained by his anger. But there was a steady light in Blake's eyes that he could not withstand. Winthrop's defiant stare wavered and fell. He shrank back, the color fast ebbing from his cheeks.

"Tight!" growled Blake. "Guess you won't blot any more about cads! You damned hypocrite! Maybe I'm not on to how you've been hanging around Miss Leslie just because she's an heiress. Anything is fair enough for you swells. But let a fellow so much as open his mouth about your exalted set, and it's perfectly dreadful, you know!"

He paused for a reply. Winthrop only drew back a step farther and eyed him with a furtive, sidelong glance. This brought Blake back to his mocking leer. "You'll learn, Pat me by. There's lots of things I'll show up different to you before we get through this picnic. For one thing, I'm boss here—president, congress and supreme court. Understand?"

"By what right, may I ask?" murmured Winthrop.

"Right?" answered Blake. "That hasn't anything to do with the question—it's might. Back in civilized parts your little crowd has the dion on my big crowd and runs things to suit themselves. But here we're sort of reverted to primitive society. This happens to be the Club Age and I'm the Man with the Big Stick. See?"

"I myself sympathize with the lower classes, Mr. Blake. Above all, I think it barbarous the way they punish one who is forced by circumstances to appropriate part of the ill-gotten gains of the rich upstarts. But do you believe, Mr. Blake, that brute strength—"

"You bet! Now shut up. Where's the cocoanuts?"

Winthrop picked up two nuts and handed them over.

"There were only five," he explained.

"All right. I'm no captain of industry."

"Ah, true; you said we had reverted to barbarism," rejoined Winthrop, venturing an attempt at sarcasm. "Lucky for you!" retorted Blake. "But where's Miss Leslie all this time? Her clothes must have dried hours ago."

"They did. We had luncheon together just this side of the point."

"Oh, you did? Then why shouldn't I go for her?"

"I—I—there was a shaded pool around the point, and she thought a dip in the salt water would refresh

her. She went not more than half an hour ago."

"So that's it. Well, while I eat you go and call her—and say you keep this side the point. I'm looking out for Miss Leslie now."

Winthrop hurried away, clenching his fists and almost weeping with impotent rage. Truly matters were now very different from what they had been aboard ship. Fortunately he had not gone a dozen steps before Miss Leslie appeared around the corner of the cliff. He was scrambling along over the loose stones of the slope without the slightest consideration for his ankle. The girl, more thoughtful, waved to him to wait for her where he was.

As she approached, Blake's frown gave place to a look that made his face positively pleasant. He had already drained the cocoanuts; now he proceeded to smash the shells into small bits, that he might eat the meat, and at the same time keep his gaze on the girl. The cliff foot being well shaded by the towering wall of rock, she had taken off her coat and was carrying it on her arm, so that there was nothing to mar the effect of her dainty openwork waist, with its elbow sleeves and graceful collar, and the filmy veil of lace over the shoulders and bosom. Her skirt had been washed clean by the rain, and she had managed to stretch it into shape before drying.

Refreshed by a nap in the forenoon and by her salt-water dip, she showed more vivacity than at any time that Winthrop could remember during their acquaintance. Her suffering during and since the storm had left its mark in the dark circles beneath her hazel eyes, but this in no wise lessened their brightness; while the elasticity of her step showed that she had quite recovered her well-bred ease and grace of movement.

She bowed and smiled to the two men impartially. "Good afternoon, gentlemen."

"Same to you, Miss Leslie!" responded Blake, staring at her with frank admiration. "You look fresh as a daisy."

Genial and sincere as was his tone, the familiarity jarred on her sensitive ear. She colored as she turned from him.

"Is there anything new, Mr. Winthrop?" she asked.

"I'm afraid not, Miss Genevieve. Like ourselves, Blake took a nap."

"Yes, but Blake then took a squirt at the scenery. Just see if you've got everything, and fix your hair. We'll be in the sun for half a mile or so. Better get on the coat, Miss Leslie. It's hotter than yesterday."

"Permit me," said Winthrop.

Blake watched while the Englishman held the coat for the girl and rather hastily raised the collar about her neck and turned back the sleeves, which extended beyond the tips of her fingers. The American's face was staid, but his glance took in every little look and act of his companions. He was not altogether unversed in the ways of good society, and it seemed to him that the Englishman was somewhat over-assiduous in his attentions.

"All ready, Blake," remarked Winthrop, finally, with a last lingering touch.

"Don't time!" grunted Blake. "You're fussy as a tailor. Got the flask and cigarette case and the knife?"

"All safe, sir—all safe, Blake."

"Then you two follow me, slow enough not to worry that ankle. I don't want any more of the pack-mule in mine."

"Where are we going, Mr. Blake?" exclaimed Miss Leslie. "You will not leave us again!"

"It's only a half-mile, Miss Jenny. There's a break in the ridge. I'm going on ahead to find if it's hard to climb."

"But why should he climb?" "Food, for one thing. You see this end of the cliff is covered with seaweeds. Another thing: I expect to strike a spring."

"Oh, I hope you do! The water in the rain pools is already warm."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ACT AS SPUR TO MAN'S PRIDE.
Love and Belief Are Powerful Agents for Reformation.

Love and belief in a man can never hurt him. It will always act as a spur to his pride, which is invariably close to a man's love, whilst it has little or nothing to do with a woman's.

Even when the schoolboy falls in love with the little girl in pinafore, his first instinct is to augment himself in her eyes in some magnificent way—to knock out some other boy, or to illustrate a foe.

This instinct remains with men until they die, just as girls from the cradle or inspired by love seek beauty to appear lovely in the eyes of their adores.

And the masculine pride and prowess and strength are what the wise girl will use in her desire to reform some man who is merely weak.

Nothing drives such men into the depths. Every look of derision, snarl, insult, sinks the iron deeper into their souls.—Exchange.